2: Covarrubias R 5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

Today the beauty of the Balinese has been exploited to exhaustion in travelogues and by tourist agencies, but as far back as 1619 records mention that Balinese women were in great demand in the slave markets of Bourbon (Reunion), where "they brought as much as 150 florins." The traffic in Balinese slaves continued until 1830, and today there is a colony of Balinese in Batavia, the descendants of former slaves. Their reputation for beauty is well justified: the majority of the population are handsome, with splendid physique and with a dignified elegance of bearing, in both men and women of all ages. From childhood the women walk for miles carrying heavy loads on their heads; this gives them a great co-ordination of movement, a poised walk and bodily fitness. Old women retain their strength and do not become bent hags. We were astonished at times to discover that the slender, straight silhouette we had admired from a distance belonged to an old lady with grey hair, walking with ease under forty or fifty pounds of fruit or pottery. Unless physically disabled, elderly people never admit that they are too old or too weak for activity; to "give up" would be dangerous to physical and spiritual health and would render a person vulnerable to attacks of a supernatural character.

Ordinarily free of excessive clothing, the Balinese have small but well-developed bodies, with a peculiar anatomical structure of simple, solid masses reminiscent of Egyptian and Mycenæan sculptures: wide shoulders tapering down in unbroken lines to flexible waists and narrow hips; strong backs, small heads, and firm full breasts. Their slender arms and long legs end in delicate hands and feet, kept skilful and alive by functional use and dance training. Their faces have well-balanced features, expressive eyes, small noses, and full mouths, and their hair is thick and glossy. Because they are tanned by the sun, their golden-brown skin appears generally darker than it really is, and when seen at a distance, people bathing are considerably whiter around their middles, where the skin is usually covered by clothes, giving the impression that they wear light-coloured pants. Watching a

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

351 to each household by a raised doorstep of rough stones. In front of every gate is a stone bridge, or, simpler still, a section of coconut tree trunk to ford the deep irrigation ditch that runs invariably along both sides of the road.

361 A simple village consists of family compounds, each com-
[351] pletely surrounded by walls, lined on each side of a wide well-built avenue that runs in the direction of the cardinal points; from the mountain to the sea, the Balinese equivalent to our "north" and "south." The villages grew as they spread in these direc-
[491] tions, and the Dutch had only to pave the main streets and extend them through the ricefields to obtain the five-hundred-mile net of automobile roads that covers this small island.

363 The Balinese, being still essentially pedestrians, took good care to shade the roads with large trees, and every morning and every evening one sees the people in the streets, men going to work nonchalantly beating rhythms on their agricultural implements, or returning from the fields overloaded with sheaves of rice heavy with grain. Poised women come and go with great loads or shiny
[482] black clay pots on their heads. If it happens to be market day in the village, at dawn the roads are crowded with husky people from the near-by villages who come to sell their produce — piles of
[438] coconuts, bananas, or vegetables, pottery, mats, baskets, and so forth — carrying on their heads even the table that serves as a stand. If there is a feast in the village temple, the people parade
[292] in yellow, green, and magenta silks with fantastic pyramids of
[796] fruit and flowers, offerings to the gods, in a pageant that would have made Diaghilev turn green with envy.

291 Naked children play at the gates by the bell-shaped baskets
231 where the fighting cocks are kept. Each morning the baskets are
857 lined out on the street so that the roosters may enjoy the spectacle of people passing by. Small boys wearing only oversize sun-hats drive the enormous water-buffaloes, which in Bali appear in two colours, a dark muddy grey, and a pale, almost transparent pink,
231 an albino variety. A water-buffalo will not hesitate to attack a
857 tiger; their ponderous calm and their gigantic horns are awe-

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

462 ing, playing musical instruments, is the work of men. Women own, raise, and sell chickens and pigs, but only men care for cows, buffaloes, and ducks. Since men dislike working for wages, the women of the lower classes are obliged to engage as coolies transporting building-materials, carrying coconuts to sell to the Chinese for making copra, delivering charcoal, or obtaining broken coral from the beach to make lime. Although only men build Balinese houses, women are the house-painters and work as masons in constructions of Western style.

Domestic duties such as fetching water for the kitchen, threshing rice, making flour, weaving, and making domestic offerings are performed by women, but men take an equal interest in the [855] care of children and are proud to carry their sons everywhere. While the daily food is cooked by women, only men may prepare the pork and turtle dishes for banquets, and rice may be cooked by both. When at harvest-time both sexes help cut the rice and [482] carry it home, every woman holds one of the heavy sheaves on her head, and the men carry two, one on each end of a pole swung across the shoulders. It is a rule that a woman carries only on her head and a man on his shoulders, except for offerings and holy objects, which must be carried on the head.

857 462 Children assist their parents in the daily work, the boys taking care of the ducks and cows and weeding the ricefields; or, if their father is a craftsman, they become his apprentices. Little girls help their mothers to carry loads, to cook, to weave, or sell in the market. The activity of the women seems to increase with age; by 887 far the most active person in our household was Gusti's aunt, a proud old woman over sixty. Women of the common class carry [565] even greater loads than the young, but she, being a *Pregusti*, could not carry loads. Her hands, however, were never still and she was reputed the best maker of offerings in the *bandjar*. Endowed with a knowledge acquired only by age, elderly women are essential to the religious festivals and many act as priestesses.

Although old men are mainly concerned with sitting in the *balé bandjar* discussing literature, chewing *sirih*, and drinking

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

the feast of the temple approaches, when they will become the centre of all activity.

Every temple celebrates its birthday (*odalan*) on the anniversary of its consecration, with a great feast that constitutes the principal social event for the entire community and in which everybody in the village takes part with equal enthusiasm.

For days before the temple feast of Kengetan, as typical as any, the men attended to the decorations of the temple, building the temporary bamboo altars, erecting awnings for entertainers, adorning the shrines with flags, pennants, and *penyors*, cooking the food for the feast, and dressing up the statues of the demons that guard the entrance with a skirt of chequered black and white cloth and a great red hibiscus behind each ear. At the same time the women prepared the offerings and made *lamaks*. The *pemangku* was on duty from early morning to receive and bless the offerings that each woman brought. By afternoon a great crowd of people in festival dress had gathered and the *dagangs* had set up their food-stands. All day long the women arrived with offerings on their heads, walking like sailing ships, requiring the help of two other women to support the fifty pounds of fruit and flowers so that the bearer could come out from under the heavy load to deposit it on the special shed erected for the purpose.

The *pemangku* sat in front of the central god-house praying and ringing a bell, surrounded by the new arrivals, who sat in rows behind him after leaving their offerings, the men cross-legged, with bared heads, behind the kneeling women. They prayed (*mabakti*) three times, taking a flower between the middle fingers of their joined hands, bringing it to their foreheads, and flinging it in the direction of the shrine. The women sang *wangesari* songs in chorus while the *pemangku* and his assistant went around the praying people pouring holy water with long-handled ladles into their outstretched hands, drinking it with reverence, and wiping their wet hands in their hair. Serious

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

peraments by making the men under the fleece fall in a trance and throw epileptic fits. 796 [781]

The following day was the feast of *Sakenan*, the temple of the little island of Serangan, just off the Badung coast. Since the night before, the island was jammed with pilgrims and orchestras, and the next morning the short stretch of sea between Serangan and the mainland was filled with fantastic boats shaped like fish with their triangular sails up, overloaded with richly dressed people. On arrival they waded to the temple, the women balancing offerings on their heads while lifting their brocade skirts out of reach of the water. [501] [482]

One boat brought the holy *barong landong*, four giant puppets who performed in the temple. They were *Djerolúh*, a ribald old woman with a protuberant forehead, enormously distended ear-lobes, and deep wrinkles outlined in gold all over her white mask; a lecherous black monster with prominent teeth called *Djerogedé*; a young prince, *Manrí*, and his beautiful princess, *Tjilí Towong Kuning*, richly dressed in green and gold, who wore great flower head-dresses over their yellow masks. Normal-size attendants held gold umbrellas of state over the giants as they waddled towards the temple in ceremonial procession with music and a retinue of men bearing spears tipped with red fur. After dedicating an offering, the giants danced to the accompaniment of gongs, flutes, and drums; the old rascal *Djerogedé* talked and laughed in a deep thunderous voice, while *Djerolúh* leaped, hooped, and yelled in a shrill falsetto, all behaving in a manner quite undignified for their holy character. Their remarks were of the sort that made my polite Balinese friends blush, especially in the episodes when the prince made love to the princess. The performance over, the men that animated the giant puppets came out from under their skirts, leaving the lifeless forms to rest in a corner of the temple. 536 796

The crowds returned home in the late afternoon, this time on foot, because the tide had gone out, leaving solid ground where before only the white boats could pass. There was a 796

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

539 tillate, scintillate and fade away, fade away and disappear, disappear,
755 disappear because of the moonlight.
787 *Lengkik, lengkik, lengkik,* says the plaintive song of the lonely
796 *dasih* bird that was left behind. Oh, how he cries! He cries, cries like the cry of a child who must be amused, amused by the dancing of the *dedaris. Lengkik, lengkik,* swing and sway in ecstasy. . . .

755 The *sanghyangs* may suddenly decide to go to another temple
787 or tour the village, chasing the *leyaks,* followed by the singing
796 men and women. The *sanghyangs* must not touch the impure
482 ground outside the temple and are carried everywhere on the shoulders of men. They stop at a second temple, where a pile of coconut shells burns in the centre of the court. The *sanghyangs* dance unconcerned in and out of the fire, scattering the glowing coals in all directions with their bare feet. They may even decide to take a bath of fire, picking up the coals in both hands and pouring them over themselves.

When the fire is extinguished, the girls climb onto the shoul-
[535] ders of two men who walk around the courtyard, the girls' prehensile feet clutching the men's shoulders, balancing themselves and dancing gracefully from the waist up, bending back at incredible angles. In this manner they give the illusion of gliding through the air. The temperamental girls may suddenly decide that the dance is over. Then they must be taken out of the trance with more songs; and the *sanghyangs* become ordinary girls again, they distribute the flowers from their headdresses as amulets and sprinkle the crowd with holy water:

539 Beautiful goddess stand up, goddess, stand up. The singers have
755 come and are singing the *sanghyang.*
796 Come, goddess, goddess, we ask of the nymphs to come to us for a while and go around, go around.

Oh, beautiful goddess! take the holy water from the altar, the holy, the clear, the immaculate water with frangipani, white *madurí,* white hibiscus and blue *teleng.* The water in the gold coconut, the liberating water, the water made in heaven.

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

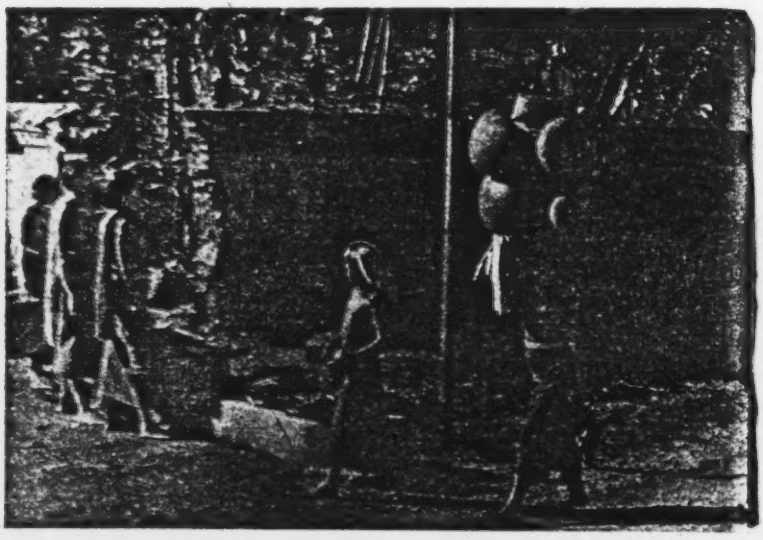
482

Women carry loads on their heads, men over the shoulder

[P. 406 (XXV)]

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

482



272
415
291

Going to market

Sweet drinks of crushed leaves are popular in the markets

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

482
291
203
443

Exchanging news in the market at Den Pasar

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

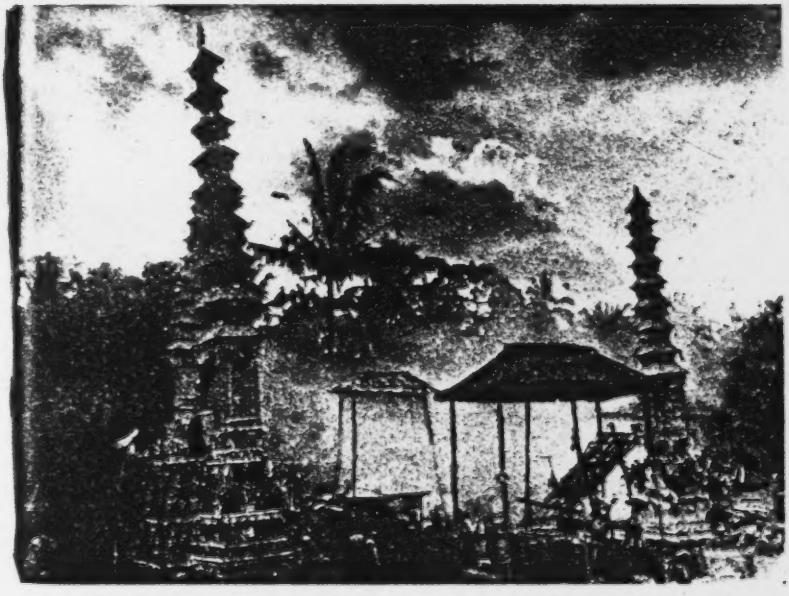
482
782

Mukluk carrying her offering to the village temple

[P. 406 (XXXX)]

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

764
[482]



Down the bamboo bridge that leads from the tower, the corpses are carried to the sarcophagi, which in the picture below have already been reduced to ashes, leaving only the towers to follow them when the darkness comes

3: Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1953 OF7 Bali OF7

déwa alit, small gods, understand that they are as young in years as they are small in stature, mere babies in fact, still carried on the hip. We have found it everywhere the custom for the figures of these small gods to be borne in the crook of the left arm, just as babies are carried astride the hip, and the Balinese term for this way of carrying them is the same as for babies (*njabit*, *njinggal*), whereas the usual mode of carrying gods upon the head is called *njoewoen*, *moendoet*. In some districts it is even customary to bind the figure to the child or woman who carries it with a strip of white cloth passed over the right shoulder, just as babies may be carried slung in the mother's *antèng*, the ends of the scarf passing over her right shoulder tucked under the baby's bottom as it sits astride her left hip. We have seen this custom misunderstood, broken down, and made incomprehensible, as in Dendjalan, where the figure was bound in the waist band of a little girl. In support of the interpretation of the figures as infants, not as bigger children, it may be said that it is as usual in Bali to see babies borne on the hips of small girls as of adult women, so that the identification in age of the *widiadari* with her nurse does not follow. On the other hand, the little trance-dancers *sang hijang dedari* (*dedari* is Balinese for the Sanskrit *vidya-dhari*, of which *widiadari* is a corruption) entered in trance by the very same spirits which imbue these figures, are little girls, from five years up to, and ending at, puberty.

Now in the Temple of Nagasari it was time to prepare the *tapakan* (supports) for the representation of the *widiadara-widiadari*. The figures are known as *gegaloeh*, and had to be made of *boesoeng metantan*, young palm-leaf fresh from the tree, so that it would be sure that it had not fallen and touched the ground. Two of the most practised offering-makers settled themselves on the base of the *Balé Pengaroeman* with the fresh yellow leaves in their laps. One of these women is a cripple, whose whole body is twisted and deformed, who limps, and whose face is a crumpled mask. It was all right, apparently, for her to take part in the making of the *gegaloeh*; but when a third woman with a protruding belly came over to lend a hand, these two motioned her away, calling out, "*Da*! *Anak beling*, *sing dadi*!" (Don't! A pregnant women, that's not allowed!)[13]

With flying fingers they folded, cut out, twisted, and wove the strands of palm, to make according to its set pattern each of the constituents of this "*sanggah oerip*" (shrine of life). Thus four sides of leaf opening at right angles to each other, with a cut-out design, as liver (*ati*), the body (*pengawak*), formed of four leaves bent outwards, standing on a base

[13] Cf. a pregnant woman is not allowed to go near a delivery. Puppets are also said sometimes to be nursed (*ngemban*, to nurse; *pengemban*, the nurse) by those who carry them.

3: Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1953 OF7 Bali OF7

*796 women in charge of offerings if they had ready the live chicken and duck for the coming ceremony. They said not, and sent someone off to fetch them. The priest lay back and took another nap.

Very soon the people on the pavilion where the *gamelan* instruments stood rose one by one, and wandered outside the temple. Some small boys rearranged the instruments which had been pushed out of position to make room for the sleepers. They began to play. The wife of the assisting priest lighted the fire in the brazier. The priest rose, washed his face and mouth, and sat down to enjoy a quid of betel. The old priest also crawled out from his place — he had taken shelter from the chill dawn by rolling over under the offering platform beside which he slept. He too washed his face and rearranged his clothes.

When at last the duck and the chicken had arrived, they were tied in little leaf-baskets to either end of a carrying-pole, together with a coconut, a parcel of cooked rice (*ketipat*), betel leaves, areca nuts, bananas, skewered meat (*saté*). This is an offering called *tegen-tegenan* (*salaran*), from the carrying pole (*tegen* is to carry on a pole across the shoulder). The pole here is not an ordinary one, but a piece of green *dadap* wood. It should be carried by a man, they say.

It was six o'clock before they were ready to begin. The sun had risen, and people were calling, "It's late!" (*Soeba lingsir*) rather anxiously, for, as the priest said, the gods really should be put away before the dawn.

The slit-gong was beaten, the *gegaloehs* were taken down from the pavilion and given into the care of two little girls aged seven and eight. Others girls and women carried the *bebaktan*, water-vessels, brazier, *rantasan*, etc., and the ceremonial spears and parasols. A procession formed, and crossed the court to the throne of Soerja. The priest prayed, ringing his bell: "Lord Gods, Prince Lord God Soerja, and Betara Siwa, and all the Gods, Lord Holy God of here (Nagasari), now you are asked to be put away (*mesimpen*) together with the *widiadara-widiadari*; here is a going-away-present (*bebandaran*) of a duck and a chicken, may those who follow you go home."

*796 Sending home with an offering of betel; taking leave (*Ngeloerang tjanang*; *mepamit*): The assistants sprinkled and spilled from the water-vessels, then the procession went in single file around the throne of Soerja, a woman laying down on each corner of it a *kwangen* (a cone of betel, flowers, and money) as she passed. The people in the procession shouted loudly as they went around, and the priest set off a string of firecrackers to add to the din. They went around three times, going to the left (counter-clockwise). This is called "taking leave of Betara Soerja" (*mepamit di Betara Soerja*).

The priest then led the procession to the *Panggoengan*, and before it the women sprinkled and spilled from the water-vessels. Here again they

6: Belo E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
OF7 Bali OF7

superior. It would seem that a great deal of the "carefulness" in the manner of the Balinese springs from his habit of adjusting his position according to the laws of his cosmology and his social group. The other great factor is the habitual avoidance of any impulsive movement which could shock or otherwise momentarily disturb the feeling of well-being in the body.

The individual Balinese moves slowly, with deliberation. Westerners, seeing for the first time films representing the Balinese at their daily tasks, are immediately struck by the slow tempo of their actions. If a man seated in one pavilion of his house-court suddenly wishes to show something which is in another pavilion, he will rise to his feet and saunter across the intervening space, quite as if he were going for a casual stroll. He will never hurry, as we would, eager to grasp the object which has come to mind. There is plenty of time, and to hurry would be unusual, unnecessary, and stupid—a waste of energy. Walking along the roads, each individual progresses with an even, measured step. The custom is to walk in single file, probably because the trails are narrow, and even today when the gravel covered motor roads are used for long distance walking, there is only a narrow track at the side which is comfortable to bare feet. Rarely does one individual walking in the single file pass another, for all go at the same rhythmic pace. This pace seems to be kept over long distances as well as short, and is hardly influenced when the walker carries a medium load (about forty pounds). Women carry such a load with facility, balanced on their heads. Men usually carry much heavier weights, divided in two parcels, one of which is slung at either end of a bamboo pole balanced on the shoulder. Invariably when the load is heavy (a hundred pounds or so) the man with the shoulder bar proceeds at a short run, almost a trot, and he keeps up this pace without ever slowing down to a walk. The idea is not to get there more quickly; but the motion of the trot vibrates the pliant shoulder-bar, so that the weights at either end swing up and down, thus relieving the pressure on the shoulder. This pace however has become customary to people heavily laden, and a woman bearing on her head one of the large offerings of rice, fruit, and cakes (often a cone four or five feet high) will proceed with the same accelerated steps that the men use under their heavy shoulder-bars.

A test of the evenness of the habitual pace, kept up over long distances, came on the occasion of an annual ceremony at a temple on the southernmost shore. A Balinese whose house stood next to

6: Belo E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
OF7 Bali OF7

mine visited the temple on that day, accompanied by his two wives and two children, approximately eight and ten years old. All carried offerings and supplies of food and betel for the journey, but no member of the little group could be said to be heavily laden. They started "in the hour before dawn," which would be about five o'clock in the morning. When I arrived at the temple by motor they were seated outside taking their meal, having already made their prayers and presented their offerings. Shortly afterward they must have started homeward, for I passed them on my return, proceeding at an even steady pace along the road. At half-past three in the afternoon they reached home, apparently not the least exhausted by their walk of over fifty miles, as registered on the speedometer of my car. Even if one assumes that they spent only half-an-hour at the temple, they covered the fifty miles in ten hours, averaging certainly no less than five miles an hour. The road led up and down over several steep hills, and at least half of the way through arid fields, with no tree to give shade. This family, whose expedition I was able to time, was only one of hundreds visiting the temple on that day, and their excursion was in no sense unusual.

Physical Exertion and Well-Being

A great part of the land lying between the high mountain district and the shore is formed in longitudinal ridges which run parallel to each other, and no great distance apart. Between these ridges are the steep-walled ravines, where the rivers flow, and where are found most of the drinking and bathing springs. Villages are apt to be placed on the high ground, so that in inter-village traffic, walkers going North and South follow an easy up or down grade along the top of the ridge. But a person travelling East and West finds many a steep climb and precipitous descent along his path. Every member of the family is accustomed to go down at least once a day to the river or the bathing-place for his bath, and many must climb up and down several times in a day—the women and girls carrying water for household needs, the men going to and fro in their work in the steeply terraced rice-fields, the small boys escorting their special charges, the ducks and the water buffalo, down from the dry ground for their daily immersion. Mothers carry babies on their hips, at the same time balancing a forty-pound jar of water on their heads, yet never do they waver in their erect posture nor vary their slow even pace on the steep and often slippery incline. Little girls of five

6: Belo E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
OF7 Bali OF7

or six already carry a coconut-shell full of water on their heads. Little girls of five Gradually the weight of water is increased, until, on reaching maturity, the slender girl can manage as heavy a load as her mother and aunts. Neither do the aged women shirk the task. Kintil, whom I judged to be no less than sixty, and who lacked only a few months of being a great-grandmother, made the daily descent of more than two hundred feet along an almost vertical trail, and, in wet weather or dry, never failed to carry up her jar of water. She would, I believe, hate to give up carrying water, for that would constitute an admission of her failing strength.

There is an undercurrent of superstition in the Balinese mind that to "give up" will *cause* weakness, and increased vulnerability to the dangers of illness. For illness is conceived as imposed from the outside by malevolent forces, which lurk everywhere, ready to rush into the body of anyone whose strength and purity (both physical and spiritual) are for the time below the normal, outbalanced by the share of weakness and impurity which form a part of every human being. That is why people who have undergone a trying ordeal are not spared and pampered, but urged to get up and go on as if nothing had happened to them. Women who have just given birth to a child go down to the river for their bath as soon as the three days of sequestration within the house are passed; and this sequestration (during the period of "uncleanness" following the birth) is as much to protect the village from contamination by the mother and child as to protect the latter from the attacks of evil spirits, to which they are especially vulnerable at this time. Rantoen went down to her bath as soon as she could walk following an exhausting bout of fever, and she attempted to carry up her jar of water, although the household was well supplied. Probably this unnecessary exertion brought on the relapse—she fell down on the trail, then clambered up with her empty jar and went to bed for several more days. But the desire for the daily bath is so strong in the Balinese who dwell in the hot regions that they will take any risks rather than forego it. The bath at the end of a long day in the heat is considered essential to the feeling of well-being within the body. "If I have my bath, I shall feel well," argues the Balinese, even in illness. And Rantoen undoubtedly believed she would regain her strength more quickly if she carried up the jar of water.

The same refusal to admit weakness and to spare the sick person was shown in two cases which I witnessed. A boy fainted, and

6: Belo E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
OF7 Bali OF7

857 of this pain-word seems to satisfy the oppressor, who desists. I
201 never witnessed nor heard of a case where one small boy "beat up"
578 another. Certainly the hierarchy of ages recognized in any family group tends to discourage fighting, for every child knows that he is
561 allowed to "speak down to," scold, and order about his younger
857 brothers and cousins, just as he himself is spoken down to and ordered about by brothers and all relatives older than he. The system works smoothly, for if one is humiliated by an elder, one may take out one's venom on a younger member of the familiar group. The accumulation of ill-humor does not fall too heavily upon the youngest child, for he can always take refuge behind the protective skirts of the mother, who is older, and therefore in authority, over his oppressor. So are the scales balanced.

562 Very small girls are sometimes seen in the company of the boys
857 who play in the streets. But by the time the girls reach the age of responsibility—seven or eight—they are more apt to remain in the housecourt with the mother, taking a part in her work. Or if they
[482] are seen along the road, they carry on their hip a younger child en-
[855] trusted to their care.[4] These diminutive nursemaids saunter up and down, or stand watching the play of the boys, prevented from joining in the activity by the responsibility, and the actual weight of their charges. Girls do not play games, for gambling is a man's
[524] occupation. Neither can they share in one of the boys' favorite di-
[533] versions, that of drumming away for hours on the instruments of the village orchestra, which are generally left in an open pavilion accessible to the children. This is another occupation which belongs to the men. The girls stand by watching, and do not think of trying
[462] their hand at it, although they are not actually forbidden to do so. I have known one or two girls, dancers, who had developed quite a proficiency as musicians, but their cases were exceptional. In the same way girls are not expected to paint and draw. When I sent
53 out a call to a number of villages for the drawings of children from
562 four to ten years, and distributed materials sufficient for all, not a
857 single girl sent in a drawing, nor would the little girls of my own village attempt any drawings even under repeated encouragement. Yet these same girls are learning from their mothers the complicated
[868] arts of making offerings, cutting designs from palm-leaf, and weaving.

[854] [4] Boys also carry babies, without shame, in imitation of their fathers who habitually dandle the small children.

9:Geertz E-5 (1957-1958)1959 OF7 Bali OF7

621 ple in terms of which this intersection must be formed. The analysis of village
571 structure therefore consists in first discriminating the organizational planes of significance and then describing the manner in which, in actual fact, they intersect.

In Bali, seven such planes are of major significance, based on: (1) shared obligation to worship at a given temple, (2) common residence, (3) ownership of rice land lying within a single watershed, (4) commonality of ascribed social status or caste, (5) consanguineal and affinal kinship ties, (6) common membership in one or another "voluntary" organization, and (7) common legal subordination to a single government administrative official. In the following
[128] paper, I will first analyze each of these planes of organization, then describe three villages as examples of differing modes of intersection of these planes, and finally offer a discussion of some of the theoretical implications of this type of village organization.

PLANES OF SOCIAL ORGANIZATION

346 1. *Shared obligation to worship at a given temple.* Bali is a land of temples. One sees them everywhere—under the village banyan tree, in the midst of rice fields, by waterfalls, in the centers of large towns, by a graveyard, at the sea edge, on a lake island, in every houseyard, at the mountain top—everywhere; of all sizes and in all conditions of repair; all or most showing the traditional form: the high brick walls, the intricately carved split gate, the tall pagoda-like altars with their storeyed thatched roofs.[2] And there are no ruins in Bali: to each of these thousands of temples there is attached both an hereditary
794 priest and a definite congregation of worshipers obligated to perform detailed ritual activities within its walls at fixed intervals, most commonly every six months. Such a congregation is said to *njunjung* the temple—literally to
● [482] carry it on its head, as women carry nearly everything in Bali, including the elaborate offerings they bring to the temples on festival days.[3] Every family in Bali, unless it be Christian or Moslem, carries at least a half dozen temples called *pura*—on its head.

346 Of the great variety of pura, by far the most important to the Balinese are the *Kahyangan-Tiga*. Kahyangan is an honorific word for temple (meaning literally "place of the gods"), indicating a pura of unusual importance, and *tiga* means three—thus, "the three great temples." There are probably over a thousand sets of such temples in Bali, with membership ranging from fifty up to several thousand families; the three temples concerned in any particular locality are the *Pura Puseh*, or origin temple, theoretically the temple built at the time of the first settlement of the area; the *Pura Dalam*, or graveyard temple for the spirits of the local dead; and the *Pura Balai Agung*, or "great council temple" (of the gods), dedicated primarily to maintaining the fertility of the surrounding rice fields. At the first two of these temples festivals are held
796 once in every 210-day Balinese year, at the third once in a lunar year, the spe-
794 cific days depending upon the tradition of the individual temples. At such festival times the gods are conceived to descend from heaven, remain for three